

*The history*

With their fin'ſt pallat, and truſt to me *Uliſſes*  
Our imputation ſhalbe odly poiz'de  
In this vilde action, for the ſucceſſe,  
Although perticuler ſhall giue a ſcantling  
Of good or bad vnto the generall,  
And in ſuch *indexes* (although ſmall pricks  
To their ſubſequent volumes) there is ſcene,  
The baby figure of the gyant maſſe,  
Of things to come at large: It is ſuppoſ'd  
He that meetes *Hector*, yſſues from our choice,  
And choice (being mutuall act of all our ſoules)  
Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,  
(As twere from forth vs all) a man diſtill'd  
Out of our vertues, who miſcarrying,  
What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,  
To ſeele a ſtrong opinion to them ſelues.

*Uliſſ.* Giue pardon to my ſpeech? therefore tis meete,  
*Achilles* meete not *Hector*. let vs like Marchants  
Firſt ſhew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile ſell;  
If not; the luſter of the better ſhall exceed,  
By ſhewing the worſe firſt: do not conſent,  
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,  
For both our honour and our ſhame in this, are dog'd with  
two ſtrange followers.

*Nest.* I ſee them not with my old eyes what are they?

*Uliſſ.* What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*  
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:  
But he already is too inſolent,  
And it were better patch in *Affrique* Sunne,  
Then in the pride and fault ſcorne of his eyes  
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,  
Why then we do our maine opinion cruſh  
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottry  
And by deuſe let blockiſh *Ajax* draw  
The ſort to fight with *Hector*, among our ſelues,  
Giue him allowance for the better man,  
For that will phiſick the great *Myrmidon*,  
Who broyles in loud applauſe, and make him fall,

*of Troilus and C.*

His creſt that prouder then blew  
If the dull brainleſſe *Ajax* come  
Weele dreſſe him vp in voices, if  
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill  
That we haue better men, but his  
Our proiects life this ſhape of ſe  
*Ajax* employ'd plucks downe *A*  
*Nest.* Now *Uliſſes* I begin to re  
And I will giue a taſte thereof fo  
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him  
Two curreſſes ſhall tame each othe  
Muſt arre the maſtiſſes on, as twer

*Enter Ajax and*

*Ajax. Therſites.*

*Ther.* *Agamemnon*, how if he h  
rally. *Ajax. Therſites.*

*Ther.* And thoſe byles did run  
rall run then, were not that a bot

*Ther.* Then would come ſome  
now.

*Ajax.* Thou bitchwolfs ſon canſt  
*Ther.* The plague of Greece vpe  
witted Lord.

*Ajax.* Speake then thou vnſalte  
thee into hanſomneſſe.

*Ther.* I ſhall ſooner raile thee  
thinke thy horſe will ſooner

booke, then thou learne praiſe  
ſtrike canſt thou? a red murther a

*Ajax.* Tode-ſtoole? learne me t  
*Ther.* Doeſt thou thinke I haue

thuſ? *Ajax.* The proclari  
*Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd fool

*Ajax.* Do not Porpentin, do not  
*Ther.* I would thou didſt itch fro

the ſcratching of the, I would ma  
in Greece, when thou art forth in

as ſlow as another.

His